

# The Express.

## Republican State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR, HENRY S. LANE, of Montgomery.  
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, OLIVER P. MORTON, of Wayne.  
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, WILLIAM A. PEELE, of Randolph.  
FOR TREASURER OF STATE, JONATHAN S. HARVEY, of Clarke.  
FOR AUDITOR OF STATE, ALBERT LANGE, of Vigo.  
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL, JAMES G. JONES, of Vanderburgh.  
FOR REPORTER OF SUPREME COURT, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Marion.  
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT, JOHN P. JONES, of Lagrange.  
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, MILLS J. FLETCHER, of Putnam.

O. P. Morton's Speech.  
We can supply Mr. Morton's Speech in pamphlet for 5 cents each, \$1.25 a hundred or \$10 per thousand. It is a Speech that ought to be circulated extensively among the people.

### The Result.

We give, in another column, the official vote in this township. It will be seen that the ticket of the Republican party is elected, with the exception of one constable. This is a glorious triumph for Harrison Township, and the increased majorities show the rapid advancement of the right. Terre Haute is henceforth a Republican city. This is certainly very gratifying. The contest was a warm one, and the party lines were drawn. The Democracy was not in all its force, and the large vote polled proves the interest of the occasion. All was done by our opponents that they could do, and the handsome majorities for our ticket is, therefore, doubly encouraging.

We will endeavor to give, to-morrow, the returns of the different townships. Up to going to press we can hear but little definite. So far as we can determine we think the Republican vote of the County is largely increased.

Everything is encouraging, and Vigo County will soon be redeemed from the misrule and corruptions of the disunion Democratic party. Hardly in the history of this city, has there been a political triumph so encouraging as the one achieved on Monday. It is the glorious forerunner of what will take place in the coming October and November. Let the right always triumph.

Our neighbor, in order that he may compliment the Hon. John G. Davis, builds up a man of straw, and then is facetiously fortunate in demolishing it. He says a "report has been circulated that our member of Congress had written to some gentleman at Brazil, urging him to circulate Seward's speech among the people." As a man this would have been one of the most mean acts of his life, but as a politician, he would ever suspect him of doing it. To throw light and knowledge broadcast among the people, is not one of the tactics of the Democratic party, and to place in the hands of a Democrat so masterly an argument as the great speech of William H. Seward, would be an offense, for which there is no atonement, in the Democratic dispensation.

The Journal, however, denies this charge against Mr. Davis, and we suppose he has therefore never been guilty of the offense. But the article in the Journal is intended to this matter is one of great and stupendous conciliation. It is conciliatory on a magnificent scale, and does immense credit to the forgiving qualifications of Gratton F. Cookley, Esq. It says:

"As one who would the success of the Democratic party in 1890, we are determined to draw the veil of oblivion over the past, forgetting in our great desire to see the Democracy triumphant that we have had any quarrels or differences of opinion. Let this feeling animate us all and we will have no trouble in beating down the enemy in the future, both in this county and the Congressional District."

That means that the editor of the Journal has resolved to forget the difference between the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty," as advocated by Mr. Douglas, and that which says the people of a Territory have no right to a voice in the formation of their domestic institutions, as advocated by Mr. Buchanan. It means that the editor of the Journal is willing to go Douglas on a "Sovereignty" platform, or an Administration Democrat on a Pro-Slavery platform, just as the Charleston Convention dictates to him. It means that he is willing to lose all his individuality, all his personal identity, all his manhood, all of himself, in order that the spoils of office be retained in the Democratic party. In his "great desire to see the Democracy triumphant," he is determined to "forget." Forget the great principles which for years distracted and divided the party to which he belongs. Forget principle, forget right, forget truth; forget all, for party. Well, a short memory is exceedingly convenient sometimes.

If the Charleston Convention nominates Mr. Douglas and places him upon a Popular Sovereignty platform, then the editor of the Journal throws up his hat and kicks it while in the air. If, however, that Convention nominates a Pro-Slavery Democrat, and places him upon a slavery extension platform, then our neighbor, especially prominent, performs the same gymnastic feat. He will, "forget principle, forget right, forget truth, forget all," forget most splendidly.

If, in order to succeed in the coming Presidential campaign, the editor of the Journal is forced to become oblivious, we would recommend the immediate organization of a forgetting class, in which each member is required to lay his hand upon his heart, and like the old Roman, say, "Id mihi prorsus recidit"—I have entirely forgotten it.

HARRISON COUNTY.—Col. Lane addressed the Republican Convention of Henderson county, at Danville, on Saturday last, in one of his most effective and cheering speeches.

A most excellent and invincible ticket was nominated for county offices and Representative.

For the latter office we are glad to see our excellent young friend James Burgess, Esq., was nominated by acclamation. A better nomination never was made. His election is a foregone conclusion. Henderson county will give a largely increased majority against the Disunion Democracy in October and November.

The Journal is crowing over the election of Judge Chamberlain in Lost Creek Township. A few years ago the Journal called the Judge, and those acting with him, "midnight assassins," "Plunging Ugliers," and such like. Consistency.

Down.—We are told that a man was found floating on the river, near this city, yesterday. We could get no particulars.

## The Mississippi Valley Physically Considered.

The Mississippi Valley is no ordinary structure. It affords the student of Geology a rich mineral field for exploration. The gorge and deep ravines made by the Ohio and its tributaries afford access to its various strata, and the cuts made by canals and railroads have given additional access to the nether earth.

Let us take our stand on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, and look Westward. Our stand points in the midst of unstratified granite, which crowns the mountain top, and lies in wild confusion, clearly indicating an upheaval from the depths below—that they were not made there.

As we advance Westward, in the line of Pittsburgh and Richmond, Ind., and thence through Indianapolis to the Mississippi, we will find above the granite bed—

1. The Granite.
2. Lower Silurian (Blue Limestone).
3. Upper Silurian (Chert Limestone).
4. Old Red Sandstone.
5. Carboniferous Group.

Drift, (clay, sand, gravel, potter's clay, blue clay, boulders, &c.)

The carboniferous group, embracing the mountain limestone, soft sandstone, three or four coal seams, very red sandstone, compact limestone, shale, fire clay, etc., overlaid by drift.

This will, perhaps, be found a general outline of the stratified structure of the Mississippi Valley. It will be found much disturbed in many localities, and in portions of this line but few of these strata appear.

As we leave our stand on the mountain top and go Westward, we will find these strata dipping into the earth—that is, cropping out Eastward, and at the surface, successively giving place to each other, in the order above. Their angle and the horizon diminish as we advance, and not far west of Wheeling they find a level, and then gradually rise and successively crop out, until all the coal bed becomes lost a little West of the Scioto.

As we cross the meridian of Cincinnati in the vicinity of Eaton, we find ourselves upon the Lower Silurian limestone, (blue limestone) filled with a congeries of innumerable fossils, in which coral, orthoceras, the cyathophylus, strophomena, &c., are profusely embedded in the same tomb, and exhumed by time, tell the observer of the wonders that lie hid among the rocks, as a record of ages that are past.

Here evidently is the top of an upheaval, but not sufficient to make a mountain range, or if at the time sufficient, the granite that lies beneath was not permitted to break through, and leave an unobstructed covering, which will not wear away by the powerful agencies used in the operations of nature.

As we advance Westward we find the Upper Silurian or Chert limestone appearing East of Indianapolis, followed by the old red sandstone, which gives place to the mountain limestone in the neighborhood of Greenfield, and as we enter Parker Co., Ind., we find the lost coal seams, sandstone, shale, iron ore, fire clay, &c., that were started in Ohio, underlain by a salt bed—namely, Westward at the rate of about forty feet per mile, passing under the State of Illinois, and raising west of the Mississippi. The surveys west of that river have shown their Western termini very imperfectly. The mountain limestone appears in Kansas, and it is probable that all the stratified rocks crop out in Western Iowa and Nebraska.

Let the reader next survey this great Western coal basin. Starting south of the mouth of the Ohio, and moving eastward on the south of Green river, Ky., and crossing into the Mammoth Cave, thence to the falls of the Ohio at Louisville, Ky., thence into Indiana by Salem and Greencastle, and N. W. to Kankakee river, Illinois, thence west to Rock Island on the Mississippi, and sweeping around by Kansas to our starting point in Ohio, we will have traveled round the great coal basin of the West, as marked out by the mountain limestone. This stone is a light grey, and makes an excellent quarry. It is remarkable for "sink holes," and often streams dig under ground into it to appear in remote places. Springs break out from it more frequently, often to turn a mill. The character of the Mammoth Cave is well known, and one of similar dimensions and more gorgeous in its halls is found in Southern Indiana. These halls display a beauty of finish that surpasses every thing above ground. One of these in the Indiana cave is said to be an ellipse 400 feet long by 100 feet wide. It has a stalagmite "mountain" in the middle, 145 feet high, and surrounded by natural pillars. A concave roof rises 86 feet above this mountain top, from which profusely hang stalactites, beautiful as icicles and of every color, which renders the cave, when well lighted, splendid beyond description. Its explorations extend 16 miles.

From the circumference of this great basin the strata all dip to a common center, which is probably some where in central southern Illinois; and there lies hid in all this great region an inexhaustible supply of combustible and other mineral wealth, which the industry of all coming time may not appropriate.

Often we find in the same locality, as in the case in Parker county, Ind., and signs of coal measures of good workable thickness, fire clay, from which stone was made; clay shale, bands of kidney, black band and clay iron ore, lime stone, fire stone, and what is not usual in mineral regions, the whole is covered by a superior soil on a bed of drift. When the capitalist shall place his forge here, he will find a manufacturing and agricultural region happily blending into one. The future lies hid of this great coal field. Over a large portion of it a soil of many feet thickness has been brought from remote regions, containing every ingredient the primary rocks will yield. The soil in this region is produced first in the world for flame in the manufacture of steam, as shown by tests by order of the British Government.

The reader will discover from the profile given of the dip of the strata East and West, of the meridian of Cincinnati, that an interesting fact is developed on the subject of Artesian wells in the Mississippi Valley. In Southern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, or Northern Kentucky, such wells may be bored, from the top of which water will issue, except near this anticlinal line.

Artesian wells owe their efficiency to confined water between the strata, which has found an entrance where they crop out. Once entering between the strata it finds no escape, and the source may be much higher than the region of the well. In all such localities such wells are possible. Such wells have been bored in the West, but the waters in many of them are so well impregnated with minerals, especially sulphurated hydrogen, that they do not answer the purpose for which they were made.

In St. Louis a well has been bored 9,219 feet, and discharges 108,000 gallons in 24 hours.

In Lafayette, Indiana, one 240 feet deep. The water rises a few feet above the surface.

## face, and discharges four gallons per minute, and is highly saturated with sulphurated hydrogen.

In Louisville, Ky., another 2,086 feet, of water, 330,000 gallons in 24 hours; elevation above the surface 170 feet.

Several wells have been bored in Northern Illinois, particularly in the region South of Lake Michigan, which is higher than the country South and West of it. These wells are generally, I think, less than 200 feet deep, and yield an abundance of water, in one case near enough to turn a mill.

The well at Louisville, Ky., was designed to supply Du Pont's paper mill with water, but being unfit for that purpose, and possessing mineral virtues, it is barreled up extensively and sent to various regions for the benefit of invalids. The temperature of these waters is constant, at all seasons, at 74° Fahr. The temperature at the bottom of the well is 7° above this, and taking 90 feet below the surface, as at Paris, in France, for the standard surface temperature of 53°, we have 19° for every 67 feet below that point. The water is a comfortable temperature for bathing, the entire year.

The Western States have not generally made any careful geological surveys, hence their mineral resources are imperfectly understood. One thing, however, is evident, especially North of the Ohio. No region of the earth is so completely self-sufficient. It blends metals, coal fields, heavy forests of timber, building stone, and an inexhaustible soil, element of wealth which no man could be found in such rich profusion in any other country on the globe.

The drift has evidently come from the North West. Many of the boulders which lie scattered over Northern Indiana show copper marks that belong to the region of Lake Superior.

We may not raise the curtain that hides the future of the great West, but one thing is evident, that the Creator of the ends of the earth has laid away a rich magazine of wealth all over the Mississippi Valley, which the industry of many generations of millions of busy men may not exhaust.

B. C. H.

For the Express.

Upon what subject shall I write? Is a question that often arises in the mind of a correspondent of a weekly newspaper. It is true, there are a thousand subjects upon which one may write, but perhaps, not more than five or six that number would interest the general reader. If writers have a "faculty" for story telling they need not fear but what the product of their brains will be greedily devoured by a large class of readers. If a writer is unfortunate as to possess no talent for story telling, there is nothing of sufficient interest in town according to employ his pen; then it is that the correspondent envies the local editor, for every body reads his items, whether he chronicles very important intelligence or not. Now all moral essays attempt to prove that envy is a passion that does not elevate, and confer dignity upon human nature, and Lord Bacon tells us that it is a passion that has no holiday.

There is no doubt that my readers suppose that I am always writing the local editor of the journals for which I write, though I confess with feelings of humiliation that I am occasionally afflicted with the malady. An article from my pen having been "due" the Express, and after having made a variety of subjects the food of thought I concluded to write an essay upon Art.

Not finding the task as easy as I had anticipated, I at once began to envy the position of the local editor of that paper. While ruminating upon his position, I became insensible of all surrounding objects. I had not been in this state long when I felt that my ambition had reached its culminating height. I soon began to realize the responsibility that had devolved upon me as one of the conductors of a public journal. The pronoun I and my, were now lost in "we" and "ours." We could speak of the responsibility of our readers, we could speak of our privilege, to point out to the Mayor and City Council, all necessary reforms, and in the first item of our local, we directed the attention of that body to the fact that those lamp posts in the southern part of 6th street which are upon a level with the earth, are neither things of adornment, nor utility, till they can be made to assume an upright position. After having suggested what we deemed the most important improvement, we intended to wait and see what would be the practical result of our suggestion, before we hinted at other improvements which could be made by the City Council. Of course, we shall indulge the hope that Southern darkness will soon be illumined by Northern light.

### GRATHA.

DOORS AND BLINDS.—We called at the factory of Mr. H. Shaffer on Saturday last, and were pleased as well as surprised at the excellent facilities which Mr. S. has gathered about him for doing his work, and at the rapidity and very superior manner in which he is executing it. We were particularly interested in the operation of a little machine engaged in joining the ends of the blinds to the middle rod by means of wire staples. The little machine did its work with a regularity, precision and rapidity that was truly astonishing. Doing the work, as we were informed, of ten men, and in a more satisfactory manner. Mr. Shaffer informs us that he is able to do this kind of work by far cheaper than any other establishment of the kind in this region.

We are glad to witness this spirit of enterprise on the part of our mechanics, and hope they may be fully rewarded for their exertions.

Persons in need of doors, sash, blinds, or anything in that line, will certainly find to their interest to give our friend Shaffer a call.

Will our friend please inform us what was the intention and object of the resolution.—Journal.

It was simply to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to abolish slavery wherever Congress has the constitutional right to interfere on the subject.

Our neighbor could understand plain English, he would not need any information on the subject.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning a lad named Joseph Servey, while driving a team belonging to Joseph Kelly, was, by some means, thrown from the wagon, which was loaded with goods. One wheel passed over his head, cutting off one ear, and fracturing his skull. He was taken to the store of J. B. Richardson, where his ear was stitched on, and his wounds dressed by Drs. Bell & Mahan.

The lad is an orphan, and is much to be pitied.

## PLASTER'S HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 29th, 1890.

There is one other thing "very peculiar" connected with St. Louis, which I have not spoken of before, and which has only been mentioned in passing, and that is, the strange, but true fact, that in this city, a man is elected to the office of Mayor, a Major, a Captain, or a Lieutenant. Epaulons and gold buttons are as thick as spots upon a subdued wild cat. Uncle Sam is gloriously represented here, and military gentlemen, who never smelled powder except on parade-day, are loud in what they have done, or could do, if there should ever be a favorable occasion. Here is Col. X., Quartermaster U. S. A., and Maj. Y., Suttler, from some frontier Fort, and Lieut. K., who has been on a spree for the last year, drinking regular pay from the Treasury. Here are a host of whiskered young recruits, who have distinguished themselves in Utah, and are now on our march. Another class who have in all the glorious panoply of war, chased and fired upon a few straggling bands of uncivilized Indians; and then a third class, who with Government arms and under Government pay, have spent the sporting months on the plains, charging upon—buffaloes!

There is another class of quasi-military men—men of large pretensions and great absorbing capacities. These could fight harder and drink more, if circumstances were favorable, than all the rest of their race. They are "Border Ruffians," as they were distinguished during the late Kansas troubles. They were bold when attacking one half their numbers—dashing, when making a foray under the cover of night, and brilliant when covering a retreat. These men are in their habits, in their language, and in their appearance, ruffians. They wear their hair all over their face and hanging carelessly over their coat collar. They have every appearance, but that of gentlemen. They wear, and bluster, and drink, and smoke "Old Oganawatic," they were again in the "land of the living," could surround and take at least twenty of such heroes.

It might soon become a question for the American statesman to determine, "Ought there to be any standing army in the United States?" The expense is very great and the utility almost nothing. The recent Utah expedition ought certainly to satisfy the American people that our little squad of military men are but leeches at the public crib.

When it is necessary to protect the honor and renown of this country, there are millions of brave hearts, all over these States, who would, at a moment's call, rush to the battle field. The volunteer soldier at last does the fighting, and volunteer officers competent to lead and command, spring up everywhere. This country has enough military impulse in it, without having military academies to develop it. Much better would it be, if this Government would spend the money now required to keep up the Army, in developing the resources of the country—in building Railroads, encouraging education and elevating the masses. A true, genuine Republic, where all the advantages of education, and all the incentives to effort, are equal—a Republic surrounded with all the light of the nineteenth century—has but little use for a standing army.

PLASTER'S HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 29th, 1890.

A matter of considerable interest in this city at this time, is the marriage of the accomplished Miss Julia Pratt, daughter of Gen. Bernard Pratt, of this city, to our old friend, Capt. John H. Dickerson, U. S. A. The wedding was a fashionable one, evidence by its brilliancy and display the wealth and social position of the parties. Much of the beauty of St. Louis was there, and a full representative of its wealth. Among the gay assembly the queenly bride shone as the "bright particular star," and the bridegroom, in full military costume, manfully repelled the young arm of our army. The many friends of Capt. Dickerson, who are readers of the Express, and who reside in and around Terre Haute, will be glad to hear of this fortunate pair on their part, and the happy bride may ever rely, that she has, as her partner through life, one worthy the most gifted, and every way a noble-hearted specimen of true, genuine manhood.

Matilda Heron appeared last evening in her celebrated character of "Leubia," at the St. Louis Theatre. It was our first look at the great actress. She is a short, chunky, fat woman, built on the Dutch style of architecture. She is not pretty, but graceful—not commanding, but great—not remarkably cultivated, but glorious in her intellect, in full military costume, manfully repelled the young arm of our army. The many friends of Capt. Dickerson, who are readers of the Express, and who reside in and around Terre Haute, will be glad to hear of this fortunate pair on their part, and the happy bride may ever rely, that she has, as her partner through life, one worthy the most gifted, and every way a noble-hearted specimen of true, genuine manhood.

While the hands were quarrelling about the fence the party that was for keeping it up said the reason the others wanted to pull it down was because they wanted to let these animals in among the grain, and over the plowed ground, and the wheat rest of the hands were busy at their work, some of these idle vagabond fellows, who must be always getting into mischief of some kind or other, set themselves, out of pure devilment, to pulling down the fence. Well, then the other hands quit the work they had been set at, and went about trying to stop them. They had a long quarrel over the matter, and while they were quarrelling the work didn't get on at all; the fields run to crabgrass, thistles and poke-weeds; the fence corners got full of briars, and Uncle Sam, who had lots of cash at the start, got head and ears in debt, and is getting worse off every day.

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Miss Hinkley, the American prima donna, had recently a great success in Amsterdam. She sang in the opera of Linda, in presence of the Queen of Holland, who came and took her by the hand, and thanked her for the great pleasure afforded by her singing. Her Majesty has spoken of the young vocalist very often, and says that she has been dreaming of her ever since "she" has been in Amsterdam. At Utrecht she sang, and after the concert she was surrounded by the students, who came in a torch-light procession, and the lady was called out upon the balcony of her hotel, and as she was surrounded by a throng of admirers, she was also prepared in her honor. At Rotterdam, also, her success was brilliant!

John D. Deffen, writing from Washington, to the Indianapolis Journal, under date of 29th ult., says, "Douglas has been regarded as below par, and all the efforts of his friends at Charleston cannot bring it up." I was told to-day, by one who is well versed in the matter, and who would like to see him in the market, that there is no hope for the highest in market, yet, as an outsider, I make the prediction that Gen. Joe Lane will be the candidate."

AN OPPORTUNITY COSE.—The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle suggests that in the event of the nomination of Douglas by the Charleston Convention, Howell Cobb be nominated by the Opposition Convention at Baltimore. What does this mean? Is the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury preparing to come out of the Democratic camp, shake the dust off his feet as a testimony against them, and cast his fortunes with the Opposition?

The following patents were awarded citizens of Indiana during the week ended March 26th:

John O. Cresswell, of Vernon, for an improved apparatus for tapping trees.

Also, Dean, of Richmond, for an improved washing machine.

## CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, March 21, 1890.

Mr. EXAMINE.—The demonstrations of respect upon this, the funeral day of His Excellency, Wm. H. Russell, late Governor of Illinois, have been apparently attended with more feeling than is usual upon such occasions. When a man falls at his post, as he has done, when the chief executive of a sovereign State is removed from his high position by the hand of death, it is right and proper that suitable expressions of respect should be given; but yet, I must confess, that in most cases these manifestations appear to me a cold and pitiless ceremony. If, upon this occasion, there has been, as there really appears to have been, a very genuine feeling of genuine sorrow at the event, it is to be attributed to the character of the deceased rather than to his position. Bravery, nobleness and generosity, with their usual attendant, modesty, kindness and simplicity, were the qualities which endeared him to all.

On the battle field, on the floor of Congress, or in the position from which he has just been removed, he was courteous, but firm; deferential, but fearless, dignified, but modest; in brief, he was a man for the times, and as such, he met his responsibilities. That is saying more than to write pages of panegyric.

Gov. Russell committed one great error. A man of known and tried courage, he had not yet sufficient courage to refuse to accept a challenge. Perhaps had the difficulty been confined to himself, and had the massive come from a different source, he might have refused it, but he felt that the honor of his regiment was involved more deeply than his own, and that in vindication of the honor of his brave comrades in Mexico, all personal considerations were to be foregone. The challenge, too, was from a Southern man, the son in law of the President of the United States, and his lofty spirit quailed at the thoughts of the taunts he would have to endure from that quarter, if he declined its acceptance. Had it come from a different quarter, and from a more obscure source, he might have had sufficient courage to have refused.

Defenceless as was the act, there was a circumstance, connected with the affair, which showed the character of the man—General Taylor, well knowing that Col. Davis was in the wrong, and that, whatever might be the issue, no honor was to be gained by his son-in-law in such a controversy, exerted himself to the utmost of his ability to bring about a reconciliation. The parties were to meet at six o'clock the next morning. The President had spent the night in his endeavors to induce Colonel Davis to withdraw the challenge. About four o'clock he succeeded, when, with a company of friends he repaired to the room of Col. Bissel, whom he found sleeping as quietly as a child in its mother's arms. Nevertheless, General Taylor had bestowed the highest compliments upon Col. Bissel for his gallantry at Buena Vista, probably nothing that occurred on that field of death gave him a higher conception of his coolness and intrepidity than this incident.

MARCH 22nd, 1890.

The inauguration of the new city government has taken place to-day. Metropolitan Hall was filled upon the occasion, the ladies filling the galleries to their utmost capacity. Mayor Wentworth, in his inaugural, takes strong ground in favor of a reduction of the expenses, economy in the administration of the affairs of the city, and vigilance in every department. Especially, he requires office seekers to present their requests before 6 A. M.—Aunt.

A disease of a somewhat peculiar character appeared in this city just before the late municipal election. Quite a number of persons, about that time, were attacked, and more or less violently, with Union-savings. The disorder has not become epidemic, and is not likely to, in this locality. This disease has a regular diagnosis, a disposition to climb fences being its pathognomonic symptom. Its origin may generally be traced to a coup d'etat. It first appeared in the country about six years ago, under the following circumstances:

A gang of hands had been sent to work on Uncle Sam's big farm. They worked on for a while, about as hands commonly do, some broke and some idle. There was a high fence running along the North side of the big pasture, and in the pasture were divers ill-favored animals, such as tigers, hyenas, hippopotami, and other beasts that inhabit the tropics. While the rest of the hands were busy at their work, some of these idle vagabond fellows, who must be always getting into mischief of some kind or other, set themselves, out of pure devilment, to pulling down the fence. Well, then the other hands quit the work they had been set at, and went about trying to stop them. They had a long quarrel over the matter, and while they were quarrelling the work didn't get on at all; the fields run to crabgrass, thistles and poke-weeds; the fence corners got full of briars, and Uncle Sam, who had lots of cash at the start, got head and ears in debt, and is getting worse off every day.

While the hands were quarrelling about the fence the party that was for keeping it up said the reason the others wanted to pull it down was because they wanted to let these animals in among the grain, and over the plowed ground, and the wheat rest of the hands were busy at their work, some of these idle vagabond fellows, who must be always getting into mischief of some kind or other, set themselves, out of pure devilment, to pulling down the fence. Well, then the other hands quit the work they had been set at, and went about trying to stop them. They had a long quarrel over the matter, and while they were quarrelling the work didn't get on at all; the fields run to crabgrass, thistles and poke-weeds; the fence corners got full of briars, and Uncle Sam, who had lots of cash at the start, got head and ears in debt, and is getting worse off every day.

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